

# Christian Mirror

AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

"MANY SHALL RUN TO AND FRO, AND KNOWLEDGE SHALL BE INCREASED."—DANIEL xii. 4.

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## POETRY.

### CRÉATION AND REDEMPTION:

LET THERE BE LIGHT, AND THERE WAS LIGHT.

"LET there be light!" were the words of creation,  
That broke on the chaos and silence of night;  
The creatures of mercy invoked to their station,  
Suffused into being, and kindled to light.

"Let there be light!"—The Great Spirit descended,  
And flash'd on the waves that in darkness had slept;  
The sun in his glory a giant ascended,  
The dews on the earth their mild radiance wept.

"Let there be light!"—And the fruits and the flowers  
Responded in smiles to the new lighted sky,—  
There was scent in the gale, there was bloom in the  
bowers,  
Sweet sound for the ear, and soft hue for the eye.

"Let there be light!"—And the mild eye of woman  
Beam'd joy on the man who this Paradise sway'd;  
There was joy—'til the foe of all happiness human  
Crept into those bowers—was heard and obey'd.

"Let there be light!"—were the words of salvation,  
When man had defeated life's object and end,—  
Had waned from his glorious and glad elevation,  
Abandoned a God and conform'd to a fiend.

"Let there be light!"—The same Spirit supernal  
That lighted the torch when creation began,  
Laid aside the bright beams of his Godhead eternal,  
And wrought as a servant, and wept as a man.

"Let there be light!"—From Gethsemane springing,  
From Golgotha's darkness, from Calvary's tomb,  
Joy, joy unto mortals, good angels are singing,  
The Shiloh has triumph'd and death is overcome.

### THE USE OF RICHES.

THE good which is in riches, lieth altogether in their use; like the woman's box of ointment, if it be not broken and poured out for the refreshment of Jesus Christ, in his distressed members, they lose their worth. The covetous man may therefore truly write upon his rusting heaps, "these are good for nothing." He is not rich, who lays up much, but lays out much; for it is all one, not to have, as not to use. I will therefore be the richer by a charitable laying out, while the worldling shall be poorer, by his covetous hoarding up.—*Old Author.*

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

### TESTIMONY OF HEATHENS IN FAVOUR OF DEPRAVITY.

WHEN evidence of the most opposite interest agree in their deposition of a fact, its truth is greatly corroborated. So the last argument we shall therefore add is drawn from the religious rites of paganism, the confessions of ancient heathens, and the testimony of modern deists.

When the heathens made their temples stream with the blood of slaughtered hecatombs, did they not often explicitly deprecate the wrath of heaven and impending destruction? And was it not a sense of their guilt and danger, and a hope that the punishment they deserved might be transferred to their bleeding victims? If this must be granted, it is plain these sacrifices were so many proofs that the considerate heathens were not utter strangers to their corruption and danger.

But let them speak their own sentiments. The iron age of Ovid is a picture of our consummate wickedness. If the ancients had no idea of this corruption, what did Plato mean by our natural wickedness? Pythagoras, by "the fatal companion, the noxious strife that lurks within us, and was born with us." Socrates, the prince of the Greek sages, acknowledged he was naturally prone to the grossest vices. Seneca, the best of the Roman philosophers, observes, "We are born in such a condition that we are not subject to fewer disorders of the mind than of the body." Yea, that "all vices are in all men, though they do not break out in all men;" and that "to confess them is the beginning of a cure." Cicero lamented that "men are brought into life by nature as a step-mother, with a naked, frail, and infirm body, and a soul prone to divers lusts." Even the sprightliest poets bear witness to the same truth. "Everybody," says Propertius, "has a vice to which he is inclined by nature." Horace declared that "No man is born free from vices, and that he is the best man who is oppressed with the least; that mankind rush into wickedness, and always desire what is forbidden; that youth hath the softness of wax to receive vicious impressions, and the hardness of a rock to resist virtuous admonitions; and that we are mad enough to attack heaven itself, and that our repeated crimes do not suffer the God of heaven to lay by his wrathful thunderbolts." And Juvenal affirms that "nature, unchangeably fixed, teuds, yea runs back, to wickedness." Thus the depositions of heathens in their lucid moments, as well as their sacrifices, prove the depravity and danger of mankind. And so does likewise the testimony of some of our modern deistical writers.

And yet, O strange to tell! vain man would be wise, and wicked man pretend to be righteous. Far from repenting in dust and ashes, he pleads his innocence, and claims the reward of imaginary merit. Incredible as the assertion is, a thousand witnesses are ready to confirm it. Some thank God that they are not as other men, that they have good hearts and a

clear conscience. Others become merit-mongers, make a stock of their works of supererogation, and expose to sale indulgences and pardons out of their pretended treasury. Such is the condition of those self-righteous persons concerning whom Christ declared, that publicans and harlots shall enter into the kingdom of heaven before them. If we call in these reasons to prove the desperate deceitfulness and wickedness of the human heart, it is not because we esteem this testimony as weak, but because they are the strongest of our witnesses.—*Wes. Chris. Advocate.*

### INTERVIEW BETWEEN A CONVERTED JEW AND HIS FATHER.

*From the Jewish Intelligence, April, 1842.*

WE have often had occasion to refer to the great pain and distress which is felt by Jewish parents when their children publicly confess their faith in Jesus, as the Saviour of the world. The bigoted Rabbinit has so long been accustomed to look upon his own nation as being in possession of great peculiar and exclusive privileges, that he cannot imagine why any member of his family should for a moment entertain the thought that any real blessing can possibly be obtained by joining any class or body of Gentiles whatever. He thinks that not only the land of Canaan, but the peculiar favour of God is the especial inheritance of the sons of Abraham; and he cannot forgive that which he considers to be downright wickedness and folly in every Jew who seeks for salvation and peace beyond the pale of the synagogue. He thinks that baptism is an insult to his own people, and a mark of unqualified contempt for everything most dear to his own hopes and feelings.

This misunderstanding is indeed most inexcusable. Nothing but the most wilful and persevering refusal to hear and learn concerning the truth as it is in Jesus, can lead to such a continuance in complete and deplorable error. For many ages indeed the Jews have lived in such ignorance of the New Testament, and their Rabbinical guides have been so determined in their opposition to its humbling doctrines, and have clung so closely to that self-righteousness which it directly condemns, that it is not easy for the aged father, who has spent a long life in careful compliance with the laws which have been taught him by corrupted tradition, to understand that Christianity should show how the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises, do indeed in all their rich fulness of blessing still belong to his people; and that the privileges are not done away by Christ, but realized and confirmed in him and in him alone.

The aged mother in Israel thinks that there cannot be any just or proper reason why her beloved son should bow the knee, and worship one whom she has been taught to despise; and as long as there is this obstinate refusal to inquire and to understand on the one side, much unnecessary pain and distress must be expected and endured. The thoughtless may, indeed, at first sight be almost inclined to blame

those who, by teaching the truth, have caused so much emotion, so much excitement, where formerly superstition and unbelief held undisturbed dominion. But if we look to the history of the servants of God in ancient times, we shall see that the same afflictions beset those prophets and patriarchs of whom the world was not worthy, and who sought a better country. They also were content to be reviled and misunderstood. The patriarch left his home and his kindred, that he might obey the call and inherit the promise of God; and the prophet continued faithfully to deliver his message, unmoved by the horrors of the prison, the pit, and the dungeon. Thus then, error and human traditions pave the way for sorrow and suffering; and whenever an individual, by the grace of God, escapes from their sad dominion, the enemy does not yield up his prey without a struggle. And when the penitent soul has been brought to taste the glorious liberty of the children of God, we cannot wonder if those around should be involved in the same difficulties, and many of the dearest relatives should find it a hard task to reconcile their love for accustomed long-cherished error, with the bursting of natural affections. An occasional gleam of light will break in upon them, and make it no easy matter to persevere in their self-righteous system of unnatural exclusiveness. They can no longer effectually conceal from themselves the truth, that those whom they formerly loved as Jews, have in no degree ceased to have a just claim to their warmest affections, because, instead of being content with the name of a Jew, they have sought to become Jews in heart and life; and, instead of resting in the circumcision which is in the flesh, they have begun to seek for that which is in the Spirit, whose praise is not of men, but of God.

While this terrible conflict is going on, there is much that others may learn from it, who, in the gracious providence of God, have been spared such severe trials. We would not dwell with unnecessary minuteness on those painful scenes which take place, but we would magnify the grace of God, which is often shown in its blessed sufficiency in the weakness of those whom he thus calls to confess his name. We ought to learn that nothing but this grace can lead the heart of erring man to understand the true nature of those deadening forms of vain superstitions, which almost, if not altogether, stifle and destroy the effect of those glorious truths, which were committed to those who have so far lost sight of them amidst the rubbish under which they have been almost buried.

There is something very touching and instructive in the following narrative, which we find in the Third Annual Report of the Society of Friends of Israel at Bremerlehe, near Bremen.

The circumstances which are here detailed have, on a former occasion, been very briefly referred to in the pages of the "Jewish Intelligence;" but as the account then given was very short, and extended to but very few particulars, we willingly make room for the following statement.

The interview took place at Frankfurt-on-the-Order, where Mr. Neander, the Agent of the Bremerlehe Society, himself a son of Abraham, met with our missionaries, Mr. Bellson and Mr. Hartmann. Mr. Neander reports as follows:—

July 11.—This evening I was informed that my father had arrived. Several Jews collected in front of our lodgings, but remained quiet. A Jew of my acquaintance requested me to visit my father, but I was to go quite alone, and without the knowledge of my friends. I mentioned, however, the matter to Brother Bellson, who dissuaded me from going there alone at night, as it

might occasion a tumult among the Jews. I wrote accordingly a letter to my father, in which I briefly expressed my feelings, and asked, whether he would not permit me to bring a friend with me; but I received no answer.

July 12.—Mr. Bellson and myself went out to call on my father. We found the door of his room locked. We then went towards a street where we hoped to find the Jew I knew, above alluded to. I looked around, and my heart was moved on seeing my old father leaning against a house, and looking fixedly and mournfully at me. I trembled, and said to brother Bellson, "Look, there is my father!" My father changed his posture, and went towards the back of the house. I followed alone; and as soon as he was aware of my presence he stood still, supporting his feeble body on a chest. I took hold of his hand, and exclaimed, "Father!" He was silent; his look assumed more of tenderness. At last he said, "If your mother saw you now, it would be the death of her. From the time of our receiving the distressing news, her eyes have seldom been without tears. Our outward circumstances are very good, but our heart is broken. Alas! what a child we have lost in you." My heart sunk within me under a weight of sadness, and, after a long interval of silence, I exclaimed nearly as follows:—"Oh, how painful it is to me to find you, my parents, incapable of comprehending that I have only now learnt to know and to love the true living God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the God who is my Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer.

He. Do not speak of this subject at this time and in this place, and listen to what I now command you; I only devote one hour to private conversation with you; you may fix a time when you can come. But I will not go to your lodging. I dare not do so on account of my large family, many members of which are now here.

Our meeting was fixed for five o'clock in the afternoon. I awaited the hour in prayer and supplication to the Lord. I entered his room; he locked the door. He looked very sad, but still there were traces of parental love visible in his face. Having taken a seat at my side, I expressed my sorrow for his conduct towards me hitherto—that he considered me as a dead and lost son—but told him that, under the weight of that distress, I found my consolation in the sure belief that God is my father. On this, my father asked, why I had embraced the Christian faith?

J. Because in this faith I have life, peace, and true eternal salvation.

He. But what is your belief? Do you not believe in more than one God?

I now acquainted him with the principles of my faith, which was the faith of Abraham, David, and all the patriarchs of the Old Testament. The Lord enabled me to do it with cheerfulness; blessed be his holy name!

After I had been speaking about ten minutes, he seemed to sink into a deep reverie; we were both silent for a while, and I looked up to Him who is great and mighty.

At last he spoke in an impressive and earnest manner: "The Hebrew letter you sent me fifteen months ago, and which I still preserve, continues to be a marvel to me. I showed it also to Rabbi I—, in S—. But beside us and your mother, your letter has not been read by any one. You quote so many beautiful scripture passages, and assure us that you believe in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob."

I. Oh, father! if you only became acquainted with some dear pious Christians, you would learn to your astonishment, that such are indeed children of God. These souls have a very great love for our Torah, and are also children of Abraham.

I then communicated to him something of my own experience, which appeared very remarkable to him. I cannot describe my feelings on sitting thus close by my old dear father, and I exclaimed, "Tell me, father, do you hate me? Oh tell me, that neither yourself nor my mother will curse me any more!"

He. We have been very much irritated against you; and if, two years ago, you had come near me, I could have stabbed you in cold blood; but I console myself with thinking that there are more parents who must make the same experience: and after all you remain our child, and our heart is moved whenever we think of you. But your mother must not yet see you, without having been prepared for it; she would

not be able to bear the sight of you; but write frequently, and I will then also answer your letters.

I could have exclaimed Hallelujah; this was more than I had expected.

Somebody knocked; my father went and opened the door, and some Jews of his acquaintance entered. They remained silent, but looked at me with astonishment. I was much agitated; I therefore asked my father's leave to visit him again, to which he answered in a kind tone, "Yes;" and I left the room with praise and thanks.

July 13.—After having preached the Gospel to several descendants of Abraham, I went to my father. There were some other Jews present, and my father was busy packing goods which he had bought. On my saluting him, he shook hands with me, and sighed, but did not speak. I asked whether I should leave, as he was so much occupied, to which he replied, "If you have nothing particular to do, you may as well remain here, I shall soon have done. I then assisted him in packing, and noted down several things for him.

This business having been finished, he sat down to supper, and began to speak with me of the wisdom of the Rabbies. He then asked me why I did not believe in those things? And on my discussing the subject with him, and drawing his attention to the doctrines of the Scriptures, both the Old and New, in their holiness and heavenly wisdom, he did not speak for some time, until at last he exclaimed, "I cannot comprehend your faith."

Our conversation then turned on sundry family matters, and he soon began again to lament the heavy blow my conversion had caused my family, &c. &c. I expressed my sorrow at their grief, but felt that they had no cause for it, it being my full conviction that I shall be saved through the grace and tender mercy of God, as manifested in the atoning death of the Messiah our Redeemer.

While he now sat in deep meditation, leaning his head on his hand, the Jews present began invading against me with much bitterness and blasphemy. My father then rose, took my hand and said, "Come, let us speak a few words with each other alone."

I followed him to a large open space at the back of the house. When there, he took my hand and said with great emotion, "Marc! for I will still call you by that name,—Marc! I had taken the resolution never to see you any more. Myself and your mother said in public, 'We have no son more called Marc—he is dead.' But I cannot repress the feelings of my heart; for, though deeply wounded, it still tells me you are my child; and believe me, I cannot bear to hear you scoffed at. I now tell you, that our heart still clings to you, our first-born son, who has cost us so much. Go, therefore, now, and come again tomorrow evening, that we may take leave of each other, but give me a letter to take with me to your mother, and say only that you believe in the God of our fathers." He ceased, and his eyes filled with tears. I could have sunk down, I was so agitated; I could only exclaim, "Father! my father!" and fell into his arms.

At last he began in a low voice, "But tell me candidly, are you really contented, and do you feel happy in your faith? I know that I cannot induce you to become a Jew again. If that were possible, my letter and my paternal promises would have effected it two years and a half ago.

I again declared to him my happiness in Christ Jesus our Lord, and we then parted cheerfully.

The 14th in the afternoon, I met my father alone. He took the letters for my relations. He was very much occupied, and seemed rather reserved. I felt very much depressed. After some conversation, we embraced each other and parted with tears. My last words to him were, "I will remember you, dear father, before the throne of God!"

#### A TASTE FOR READING.

BUT how shall the relish be created? I answer *read*—read until it becomes captivating. For this you must, in a good measure, "keep the ball rolling." You may use frequent, but not protracted, intermissions. Mark your place when you close the book, and return to it before you forget the last paragraph. Unless

you do this, should you begin to take delight in books, you will soon lose the relish.

The absent, however loved, are soon forgotten. So it is with books. Is it strange that many have no delight in reading, when they have never practised it to any great extent? How do we attach ourselves to any thing? I answer, by intimate acquaintance. How do we estrange ourselves? By ceasing to fellowship. Well then, instructed by experience, begin now to cultivate an intimacy with books—they are worthy; their charms will heighten in your conception at every lengthened interview. You will find them an amiable family—communicative, instructive, and exceedingly entertaining. They will soon come nearer to engrossing your whole attention than the worthiest friend you have on earth; and, indeed, it would not be the strangest thing in nature, if in less than a twelvemonth, it should be whispered through the neighbourhood that it is a "heart affair." It would be a delicate, and, I trust, a grateful compliment.

In this innocent devotion to books you may emulate the matronly industry of former generations; and in doing it you may reap a choicer harvest. Theirs were mortal fruits; yours will be immortal. Their careful, pious hands were employed to deck the persons of their sons with homespun honours; you will toil for the ornaments of mind. And who among you will eschew labours productive of such fruit, and, at the same time, so delightful in their progress? The provocations to diligence are without a parallel, yet I know that with thousands they are unavailing.—I repeat it, *unavailing*.

If you demur to this, inspect, for conviction some families of genteel opulence. A daughter completes her education at sixteen. Then what is she prepared for? You must judge from her vocation. And what is that? To detail its round of duties might be tedious. The first is a laboured journey from the chamber to the breakfast-table; thence, by a lingering stage, she finds the drawing-room. The toilet comes next; and at eleven o'clock all these arduous engagements are discharged. Then follow parlour ceremonies. These consist of morning calls, manufacturing *chit-chat*, dismissing worthy visitors; and at last relapsing into listlessness; or more probably, she seizes a mawkish romance, and, with sublime excitement, traces the Quixotic errand of some forsaken, lovelorn maiden. And how the day closes, which opened with such auspicious morning auguries, belongs to you to fathom. I shall not sound its depths.—*Hamline*.

## RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

### A SUNSET THOUGHT, FOR SATURDAY EVENING.

WALKING once along a shady lane while the harvest moon glittered through the trees upon the corn fields, darkened here and there by the piled-up sheaves, I met a party of gleaners returning to their cottages, with their little bundles of wheat upon their heads. The Saturday evening of the Christian may be compared to the homeward path of the gleaner. He, too, has been wandering over many a field of hope, of learning, or of business. Saturday evening is the gate of Sunday—before him lies,

"The Sabbath ground to vernal sunshine left."

At this gate we ought to sit down and think over all the temptations, the struggles, the hopes, the blessings, the consolations of the week that is gone:—

"Themes of graver tone,  
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,  
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,  
That calls the past to our exact review,  
The dangers we have escaped, the broken snare,  
The disappointed foe, deliverance found  
Unlook'd for, life preserved, and peace restored."

Herbert regarded the Sabbaths of our life as the pearls of the Christian year. How diligently and how

reverently we have cherished them, will only be known in the day when God shall make up his jewels. Every sixth day throughout the year, the path of life conducts us to the vestibule of Sunday. These regular returns of sacred repose from toils, are admirably adapted to revive in our hearts the flame of decaying devotion.

Upon each morning we rise, as it were, from the grave of our week-day sorrow and corruption. We touch with the finger of humble faith the hem of Christ's garment, in the reading of his hallowed word. We cannot go out to meet our Lord with the crowd that followed Him from Bethany to Jerusalem; but we meet him spiritually, when we cherish any pure thought or holy emotion; we bear olive branches when we diffuse peace through our own and our neighbours' homes; we have palms in our hands, when we vanquish the temptations and allurements of sin; we are then crowned with flowers, if we cultivate the Christian virtues, and put on the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; we strew our garments in his way, if we cast aside for his sake the trappings of pride and the rich apparel of human praise; our hosannas are repeated in every honour shown to his name; we praise Him in the internal beauty of the heart, we proclaim Him by the rhetoric of an innocent life.

The consecrated precincts of the Sabbath are not to be approached without solemn preparation. The traveller who reaches his home through the perils and hardships of the Eastern desert, washes his feet, and anoints his head before he reclines at the supper of welcome. The wilderness of human life is not less wearisome, not less painful, with dust and glare. Saturday evening brings the pilgrim to the tent of peace, refreshment and repose; while already from the dawning day of holiness, the light shines into his eyes,

"Mild as an opening gleam of promised heaven."

Such blessings are not to be used carelessly, or indifferently thrown aside. Every Saturday evening should find us looking over our accounts with time. "He is happy indeed, who can secure every hour to a sober or a pious employment." We may be sober, if the world will not always give us time to be pious; above all, it becomes us to ponder upon the saying of Bishop Butler, that resolutions are lesser acts.

Let us then at the close of every Saturday evening remember, and endeavour to apply to our own benefit, the advice of the learned and good Hannah More—to pray continually, that we may pass from transaction to transaction with a circumspect eye; converting our common conversation and our common business, into instruments or aids of moral improvement. To accomplish this object, we must take a diligent account of all our

"errors past;

"And make each day a critic to the last."

*Frazer's Magazine.*

### THE FIRST CHRISTIANS.

THE Christians of primitive days did not study those arts of splendour which have since overrun the world—stately palaces, costly furniture, rich hangings, fine tables, curious beds, vessels of gold and silver, the very possession of which (as Clemens Alexandrinus speaks) creates envy. They are rare to get, hard to keep, and it may be, not so convenient to use. "Will not a knife cut as well (says he) though it have not an ivory hilt, or be not garnished with silver; or an earthen basin serve to wash the hands? will not the table hold our food unless it be made of ivory? Or the lamp give its light, although made by a potter, as well as if it were the work of the goldsmith? May not a man sleep as well on a mean couch, as upon a bed of ivory? Upon a goat's skin, as well as upon a purple carpet? Our Lord ate his meat out of a common dish, and made his followers sit upon the grass; and washed his disciples' feet without ever fetching down a silver bowl from heaven: he took the water which the Samaritan woman had drawn in an earthen pitcher, not requiring one of gold; showing how easy it was to quench his thirst; for he regarded the use, not the vain and needless show of things."

This and much more he there urges to this good purpose, to let us see how little a Christian need beholden to the world, if he be content with what is enough for the needful uses of human life.

"The condition of man's life (says Gregory Nyssen) calls for a daily renewing of the decays of nature; he therefore that looks no farther than to minister to the desires of nature, and troubles not himself with vain anxious thoughts for more than is needful, lives little less than a life of angels; whilst by a mind content with little, he imitates their want of nothing. For this cause we are commanded to seek only what is enough to keep the body in its due state and temper; and thus to address our prayers to God—'Give us our daily bread.' Give us bread, not delicacies or riches; not splendid and purple clothes, or rich, golden ornaments; not pearls and jewels, silver vessels, large fields and possessions; not the government of armies, the conduct of wars, and disposal of nations; not numerous flocks and herds of cattle, or many servants; not marble pillars, or brazen statues, or silken carpets, or quires of music; or any of those things by which the soul is diverted, and drawn from more noble and divine cares: but only bread, which is indeed the true and common staff of man's life."—*Cave's Primitive Christianity.*

### THE RICH WORLDLING.

How apt are many, at the sight of a rich worldling, to envy him for what he hath; but for my part, I rather pity him for what he wants. He hath a talent, but it wants improvement; he hath a lamp, but it wants oil; he hath a soul, but it wants grace; he hath the creature, but wants the Creator. In his life he floateth upon a current of vanity, which empties itself into an ocean of vexation; and after death, then "take this unprofitable servant, bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness." Where now is the object of your envy? It is not his silver that will now anchor him, nor his gold that shall land him. If he be worth envying, who is worth pitying? If this be happiness, then give me misery. Rather may I be poor, with a good conscience, than rich with a bad one.

## THE TRAVELLER.

### THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

WE have derived much pleasure from a hasty glance of the Rev. Mr. Parker's interesting Tour to the Rocky Mountains; and, in order that our readers may participate in the same feeling, we shall now present them with some extracts from this deservedly popular work:—

#### Object of the Tour.

"The wide extent of country beyond the Rocky Mountains, with its inhabitants and physical condition, has been a subject of interesting enquiry for the last thirty years. Many things relating to the possession of the country, its future probable importance in a political view, its population and trade, have occupied much attention. The Christian public have not been inattentive to the interests, moral and religious, of those whom the God of Providence has placed in these remote regions, and who are without the blessings of civilization and Christianity. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions appointed an exploring mission to that country, to ascertain, by personal observation, the condition and character of the Indian nations and tribes, and the facilities for introducing the gospel and civilization among them.

That difficulties and dangers would be incident to a journey through a country of such extent, uninhabited except by wandering bands of Indians, where no provisions could be obtained besides uncertain game, could not be doubted. It was not a consciousness of undaunted courage, or indifference to suffering, or the love of romance, which fixed my purpose; but it was the importance of the object. Although it was painful to bid adieu to family and friends, unapprised of the events of the future; yet committing all to the guidance and protection of an all-wise Providence, the enterprise was undertaken, without reluctance, on the 14th of March, 1835."

#### Missionary Prospects.

"In respect to efforts for the religious instruction and conversion of the Indians, I am convinced, from all I can learn of their native character, that the first impression which the mis-

sonary makes upon them, are altogether important in their bearings on successful labours afterwards. In things about which they are conversant, they are men; but about other things, they are children; and like children, the announcement of a new subject awakens their attention, their curiosity, and their energies; and it has been remarked by a Methodist missionary who has laboured among the Indians, that many seemed to embrace the gospel on its first being offered, and that those among the adults who failed to do so, were rarely converted. If, from any motives, or from any cause, instruction is delayed, and their expectations are disappointed, they relapse into their native apathy, from which it is difficult to arouse them.

"We had an opportunity, whilst we continued in this place, to collect much information about the Indians in the Sioux country, from Maj. P., the agent appointed by government to the Yanktons, a band of the Sioux. He appears to be not only intelligent and candid, but also well disposed towards Indian improvement. The following is the substance of the information which he gave us in regard to several tribes to the north and north-west of this place: that the Omahews are situated upon the Missouri, about one hundred and fifty miles above this place, and number about two thousand. They have been well disposed towards the whites, but, owing to their intercourse with traders and trappers, and abuses which they have received from them, they are becoming more vicious in their habits, and less friendly. Yet, kind treatment would conciliate their favour, so that there would be no reason to fear but that a mission might be established among them with fair prospects of success.

"The Yanktons are an interesting band of the Sioux, of about two thousand people. Their village is to be located on the Vermillion river, where it unites with the Missouri from the north. Maj. P. thinks this will be a very eligible place for a missionary station, and says he will do all in his power to aid such an enterprise."

#### Passage over a Prairie—A Storm.

"Monday, June 22.—After so long delay, we re-commenced our journey for the 'far west.' The Black Hills are to be our next stopping place. The caravan started yesterday. We passed over a rich extensive prairie, but so poorly watered, that we did not find a stream through the whole day. In the afternoon we had to ride in a heavy, cold rain, in consequence of which I became much chilled. Overtook the caravan, and encamped before night on a high prairie, where we could find but little wood, and it was difficult to make a fire. We had some coarse bread made of corn, and some bacon for supper. The change from the comforts to the bare necessities of life was trying; but when I had wrapped myself in my blankets and laid down upon the ground to repose for the night, I felt thankful to God for his goodness.

"Being now beyond all white inhabitants, in an Indian country, and not knowing what the eventful future may unfold, I thought I could give up all my private interests for the good of the perishing heathen, if I could be instrumental of their temporal and eternal welfare. Come life or death, I thought I could say, 'thy will be done.' Felt strong confidence, that God would protect and provide for us, and derived great consolation from the promise, 'Lo, I am with you always.' The very pelling of the storm upon our tent had something in it soothing, and calculated to awaken the feeling that God was near.

"On the 23d, the storm still continued, and we did not remove our encampment.

"Towards noon on the 24th, went forward on our way, and crossed the Papillon river, which occasioned much delay to get the baggage, wagons, and animals over. We did not find a suitable place for encamping where we could be accommodated with wood and water until about sunset; and before we could pitch our tent, a thunder-storm, which had been gathering for a long time, came down upon us with great violence, accompanied with wind and hail. The animals of the caravan fled in different directions, some packed and some unpacked. I had only time to unpack my mule and let him go, and it was with much difficulty I could hold my horse, which had become almost frantic under the beating hail, nor did I escape without some contusions. The lightning was very frequent,

and the thunder was almost one continual roar. After a while the fury of the storm abated, and in the dark we pitched our tent and got our baggage into it, but were not able to make a fire. We took such supper as we could provide with our coarse bread and bacon, without light and without fire, and laid ourselves down to rest. During the night there were several showers which created rivulets, some of which found their way under our tent. Towards morning we slept, and arose somewhat refreshed."

#### Pawnee Feasts.

"Many of the Pawnee Loups came to us, and received us with great civility and kindness. Big Ax, their second chief, had charge of this party. He is a man of dignified appearance, and his countenance is expressive of intelligence and benevolence. He is very friendly to white men. These Indians were going out upon their summer hunt, by the same route we were pursuing, and were not willing we should go on before them, lest we should frighten away the buffalo.

"They manifested their friendship by inviting us to feasts; and as we may attend half a dozen in a day without being surfeited, an explanation may not be out of place. Big Ax gave the first invitation; and as it is not customary for those who provide the feast to sit down with their guests, he and his associates sat in dignified silence on one side of the lodge, while those of us who partook of the feast, occupied the centre. The daughters of Big Ax served us on the occasion, and bountifully helped us to boiled corn and beans. Such are their customs, that to avoid giving offence, we must eat all that is set before us, or take it away, and Mr. Fontenelle took what remained. In the evening we were invited to two others. The first consisted of boiled corn and dried pumpkins, and the other of boiled buffalo meat. We also gave the principal chiefs a feast, setting before them all the variety which our bacon and coarse bread could furnish, having it in our power to add a dish of coffee, of which luxury we partook for this once on our whole journey.

#### Natural Curiosities;—An Alarm.

We encamped to-day in the neighbourhood of a great natural curiosity, which, for the sake of a name, I shall call the old castle. It is situated upon the south side of the Platte, on a plain, some miles distant from any elevated land, and covers more than an acre of ground, and is more than fifty feet high. It has, at the distance of the width of the river, all the appearance of an old enormous building, somewhat dilapidated; but still you see the standing walls, the roof, the turrets, embrasures, the dome, and almost the very windows; and large guard-houses, standing some rods in front of the main building. You unconsciously look around for the enclosures, but they are all swept away by the lapse of time—for the inhabitants, but they have disappeared; all is silent and solitary. Although you correct your imagination, and call to remembrance, that you are beholding the works of nature, yet, before you are aware, the illusion takes you again, takes you again, and your curiosity is excited to know who built this fabric, and what have become of the by-gone generations. I found it impossible to divest myself of such impressions. The longer and the more minutely I examined it, the more I see to admire; and it reminded me of those descriptions of power and grandeur in ruins, of which we read of ancient times and nations.

Encamped at noon of the 22d, near another of nature's wonders. It has been called the chimney; but I should say, it ought to be called beacon hill, from its resemblance to what was beacon hill in Boston. Being anxious to have a near view, although in a land of dangers, I concluded to take an assistant and pass over the river to it. The river where we crossed was about a mile wide, shallow and full of quicksand, but we passed it without any difficulties. We rode about three miles over a level plain, and came to the base. This distance from the other side of the river did not appear more than a mile, so deceptive are distances over plains without any landmarks. This beacon hill has a conical formed base of about half a mile in circumference, and one hundred and fifty feet in height; and above this a perpendicular column, twelve feet square, and eighty feet high; making the whole height about two hundred and thirty feet.

We left our horses at the base, and ascended to the perpendicular. It is formed of indurated clay or marl, and in some parts is petrified. It is of a light chocolate, or rufous colour, in some parts white. Near the top were some handsome stalactites, at which my assistant shot, and broke off some pieces, of which I have taken a small specimen. We descended, and having finished my survey, had just mounted our horses, when we saw two bands of buffalo, six or eight hundred in number, coming full speed towards us, taking their course down the river. We knew somebody must be pursuing them, and as, from indications for two days past, we had suspected Indians near, we thought it would be the safest for us to make and secure a speedy retreat to the caravan, and set off in haste for the river, which, at the nearest point, was two miles distant. Very soon we saw a man on horseback coming full speed towards us—he stopped and gave a signal for others behind him to hasten on, and at once we saw a band of men coming full rush. We put our horses to their utmost speed, and when we thought our retreat to the river fully secured, we stopped and took an observation with a large spy-glass, which we had taken the precaution to have with us, and found they were white men, who had come from a fort of the American Fur Company at the Black Hills, to meet the caravan. Mr. Fontenelle, the commander of the caravan, saw the movement, was alarmed for our safety, and came out in all haste, with a number of armed men to our assistance. But all resulted in friends meeting friends. There were some Ogallallah Indians near us, who came to our camp in the evening. Thermometer 90°."

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

### THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The last two numbers of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine contain a valuable article on the History, Commerce, Agriculture, Prospects, and Religious state of the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, by James Jackson Jarves, from which we take the following brief extract:—

"The labours of the missionary have been directly employed in Christianizing the natives, and indirectly in civilizing. That they have done this, and that the results are gratifying in the extreme, none can deny. They have also introduced the same system of free schools which has raised New England to her high station of intellectual power.

"They have laid a broad foundation for national happiness and greatness; and their influence, whether upon natives or whites, will cease only with the end of all things. Their character, like that of the Puritans, will leave its impress upon a later age; and there are few of the present who do not award that just praise of sowing those seeds of individual and national freedom, which have operated so powerfully in rendering America what she is."

It is an oft repeated fact, that the two largest Christian churches on the globe, are those under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Coan, on the eastern side of Hawaii, and of Rev. Mr. Lyons, on the northern side of the same island. More than 8000 persons have been added to Mr. Coan's church within seven and a half years, 160 of whom have been received within the last six months. Rev. Mr. Lyons' church has embraced between 5000 and 6000 members. In consequence of the premature admission of members a few years ago, 2790 persons have been at different times excommunicated from the church, of whom 1200 have been restored to church privileges, upon confession and hopeful repentance. More than 300 persons were received into that church the past year. The history of the Sandwich Islands for the last quarter of a century, presents one of the brightest exhibitions of the sovereign grace of God which can be found in the annals of Christendom.—N. E. Puritan.

MISSIONARY EFFORTS IN CHINA.—The New York Evangelist says that the London Missionary Society have eight persons already well instructed in the Chinese language, and they passed a resolution last winter to raise their number to eighteen or twenty in the course of two years. The American Board have about six persons of the same description. The Presbyterian Board have one or two. The American Baptist Board have two



missionaries, who have built chapels at Hong Kong. As usual, the devil is ahead; but the race is not to the swift, where truth is matched with error.

**DOWNFALL OF HINDOOISM EXPECTED.**—The Hindoos have a prophecy in one of their Shasters which says that in the last days, or, as they call it, in the iron age, a nation shall come from the far west, and convert their country, and overturn their civil and religious institutions. The brahmin now says—and it is the general belief throughout Bengal—"This nation is none other than the English; for they have conquered our country, and their missionaries are beginning to destroy our religion."

**DROWNING IDOLS.**—The mission recently commenced near the mouth of the Gaboon river, is in the territory of King Glass. A letter of Mr. Wilson, dated March 10, gives a very gratifying account of the prospects of this new enterprise. The following extract shows that some who have become acquainted with the object of the missionaries, are already prepared, if not to cast their idols to the moles and to the bats, to make a distribution of them which is equally satisfactory.

"A brother of King Glass, and his successor in office, sent for us, some weeks ago, and told us that he was thoroughly convinced of the folly and guilt of idolatry, and that he would henceforth place himself under the instruction of the mission. As an evidence of his sincerity, he had all his images—ten or fifteen—brought out, tied together, and, in our presence, sunk to the bottom of the river. Since then he has, at his own expense, built a small place of worship, and he is a regular and apparently a serious hearer of the gospel."—*Dayspring*.

**MELANCHOLY DEATH OF FOUR MISSIONARIES.**—We learn by the Boston Mercantile Journal, that there were drowned, on the 1st February last, at the falls of the Willamette river, near the Methodist mission, in the Oregon country, Mrs. Cornelius Rogers, her sister Aurelia Leslie, Squire Crocker, and two Clatsop Indians. While passing the rapids above, the boat was accidentally carried over the falls. Mr. Rogers went to Oregon from Cincinnati, Ohio, in the spring of 1838, in company with missionaries of the A.B.C.F.M., to aid them in their Christian labours among the Indians there. He was a volunteer, bearing his own expenses. After labouring three or four years with them, he married a daughter of Rev. Mr. Leslie, of the Methodist mission on the Willamette, and took up his residence near that mission.

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1843.

**OUR CITY.**—Great praise is deservedly bestowed on our excellent Corporation for the improvements recently made in our city. While, however, the press generally has noticed these improvements in detail, it has altogether overlooked a class of improvements infinitely more important than any that can be effected by wood and stone: we mean the moral and religious advancement of the inhabitants. Any individual possessing ordinary powers of observation, who has resided in Montreal during the last twenty years, cannot fail to have noticed the progressive and pleasing improvement in the religious character of our population.

We remember to have heard it stated from the pulpit, some years since, by an eminent minister who had laboured in large cities in Great Britain and elsewhere, that Montreal, in proportion to its size, was the most wicked place he had ever resided in. But a happier state of things now exists, and the blessing of the Most High may confidently be expected to rest upon us as a community.

This happy change in our condition is mainly the result, under God, of the efforts that have been put forth by the various religious bodies, who have carried on a holy emulation in "works of faith" and "labours of love." The Temperance Societies too, have, under the Divine blessing, contributed not a little to the general stock of virtue and good morals; and we venture to state, without boasting, there are few cities on this or any other continent, with as large a population, where there is less seen of the melancholy effects of that gross and depraved habit that marks the lowest and most degraded of our race—the habit of drunkenness.

Churches rise around us in every quarter: and if piety be estimated now by the number of edifices erected for the worship of God, as it was in a past era of the Church's history; we must be accounted any thing rather than an irreligious people.

Schools and colleges are also being established; and our good city bids fair to be by grace the centre of religion, morality and intelligence—as it is by nature fitted to be the centre of trade, commerce and legislation.

In proof of what we have above advanced, we copy the following from one of our city journals. In alluding to the Races which lately disgraced our city, it says:—

"The Course was very thinly attended, and the sport was of an inferior order. There was in particular a great FALLING OFF in the number of equipages, the space allotted for carriages in front of the stand being almost deserted. The weather, however, was most delightful; but even this did not compensate for POOR SPORT and VERY LITTLE COMPANY."

**COVETOUSNESS.**—The sin of covetousness in the professing Church of Christ, in the present day, is alarmingly prevalent, and painfully apparent to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Taking into account the awful exposure of those persons who indulge in it, and the mischievous consequences their example is calculated to produce in the minds of many who are striving to enter in at the straight gate,—one grand reason why the Church is not more generally successful in her efforts for the salvation of men, is too plain to be denied. The following remarks on this subject is from an old author, and gives a melancholy, yet true, picture of this most destructive evil:—

"Where avarice rules and rages, there is nothing of humanity remaining; as the drudgery of this vice is mean, so is it constant too,—it keeps a man always in the wheel, and makes him a slave for life; his head or his hands are perpetually employed—when one project is finished, his inclinations roll on to another; so that his rest is only a variety of labour. Neither the decays of age nor the approach of death can bring him to his senses, nor shew him the extravagance of his passion; on the contrary, his folly commonly increases with his years. Wolves and other beasts of prey, when they have once sped, can give over and be quiet, till the return of appetite: but covetousness never lies down, but is ever hungry and hunting. It is perpetually harrassing others, or itself, without respite or intermission. The covetous man is *homo illaudatus*, a man that you can say no good of. He abuses all his advantages, either of person or fortune; his inclinations are ungenerous, his understanding cheats, and his power oppresses his neighbour; he is not big enough to love, to pity, or assist; neither blood, nor honour, nor humanity, can take any hold, where interest comes in competition. So far is he from doing any good, that he desires none;

his wishes are often malevolent; for blasting and mildew, for rots and murrain, for storms and shipwrecks, that he may put off his stock and his store the better. Upon these accounts, he generally receives as little kindness as he does, and finds as few friends as he deserves. To sum up the evidence. A covetous man loves to be boring in the earth, like an insect, and lives always in a creeping and inglorious posture. His satisfactions are as mean as his figure; he has not the heart to oblige anybody, no, not himself, and therefore is both pitied and shunned."

**EVENING.**—I think there are two periods in the life of man in which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting—in youth and in old age. In youth, you love it for its mellow moonlight, its million stars, its then rich and soothing shades, its still serenity; amid these we can commune with our loves, or twine the wreaths of friendship, while there is none to bear us witness but the heavens and the spirits that hold their endless Sabbaths there—or look into the deep bosom of creation, spread abroad like a canopy above us, and listen till we can almost see and hear the waving wings and melting songs of other beings in other worlds. To youth the evening is delightful; it accords with the flow of his light spirits, the flow of his fancy, and the softness of his heart. Evening is also the delight of old age—it affords hours of undisturbed contemplation: it seems an emblem of the calm and tranquil close of busy life; serene, placid, and mild, with the impress of its great Creator stamped upon it; it spreads its quiet winds over the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.—*Franklin*.

**POINTED SERMONS.**—About a hundred years ago, there graduated at Harvard University a man by the name of Rawson, who consequently settled in the ministry at Yarmouth, on Cape Cod. He used to preach very pointed sermons. Having heard that some of his parishioners were in the habit of making him the subject of their mirth at a grog shop, he one Sabbath preached a discourse from the text, "And I was the song of the drunkard." His remarks were of a very moving character—so much so, that many of his hearers rose and left in the middle of the sermon. A short time afterwards, the preacher delivered a discourse still more pointed than the first, from the text, "And they being convicted out of their own consciences, went out one by one." On this occasion no one ventured to retire from the assembly, but the guilty ones resigned themselves, with as good grace as possible, to the lash of their pastor.—*Christian Repository*.

**THE VOICE OF NATURE.**—It is the voice of God. And though it speaks to us sometimes in mighty thunder, yet it speaks in love. It proclaims to a feeble and independent world the care and love of a Father. It bids us look upon the manifestations of His wisdom, and the exhibitions of His power in all His works; declaring him good unto all creatures, and mindful of the wants of His children, even of the evil and unthankful. It proclaims the Power Omnipotent, which rules, and governs, and directs all things, governed by wisdom that never errs, and love that encircles all creatures, from which even death itself cannot separate us.

The voice of God which speaks to us from the pages of inspiration, tells us the same glad story, that God is the Father, Preserver and Saviour of all men. O shall we fear and distrust while such are the teachings of the revelations God has made to man. Never, no never. The bigot may scowl, the fanatic may rave, and the boaster may scoff, but we will put our trust in God, for his grace is sufficient for us.—*Better Covenant*.

### THE CROWN OF THORNS.

"The mockery of reed and robe, and crown  
Of plaited thorns upon his temples pressed."

There still exists a plant in Palestine, known among botanists by the name of the "Thorn of Christ," supposed to be the shrub which afforded the crown worn by the Saviour at his crucifixion. It has many sharp prickles well adapted to give pain, and as the leaves greatly resemble those of ivy, it is not improbable that the enemies of the Messiah chose it, from its similarity to a plant with which emperors and generals were accustomed to be crowned; and hence that there might be calumny, insult, and derision meditated in the very act of punishment.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE JEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEAR SIR,—I have to apologise for the length of my last communication, and shall now endeavour to avoid being guilty of a similar offence.

In this letter I shall confine myself to noticing the "failure of strength" in the arguments of your esteemed correspondent.

At the winding up of his letter No. 2, we have the following figure: "When we see in the field of a settler a quantity of building materials, most carefully preserved for a long time, we conclude that the proprietor intends, at a fitting season, to make some desirable addition to his premises; so we devoutly conclude, in view of a people thus providentially preserved, and for so many generations, that they are divinely intended, in some happy and approaching day, to form a useful and ornamental addition to 'God's building,' the Church, AND HENCE, AS A NATION, TO BE CONVERTED TO THE FAITH OF CHRIST."

This is a fair specimen of the mode of argumentation used by "A Believer," in attempting to prove his position. Such arguments are plausible, but are also singularly defective. In order to make this appear, permit me to place the matter in its true light.

When we see in the field of a settler a quantity of old building materials, which were used in the erection of his first house,—these materials, instead of being "most carefully preserved," are become heaps of rubbish, scattered over the whole farm: the timbers are worm-eaten and rotten, the stones are defaced and covered with moss,—we conclude that these materials are rejected; and although here and there a few solitary stones may be found which will fit into the grand and stately edifice he is now erecting, yet, as a whole, the old materials will never again be used. The application is easy, and just the reverse of the conclusion arrived at by your correspondent, viz: as a nation the Jews will [NOT] be converted to the faith of Christ. That the above is not an exaggerated description of the moral condition of the Jews, will appear from the following testimony, which I take from several I have by me:

"Many of the postmasters along the road were Jews; and I am compelled to say, that they were always the greatest scoundrels we had to deal with; and this is placing them on very high ground, for their inferiors in rascality would be accounted masters in any other country; no men can bear a worse character than the Russian Jews, and I can truly say that I found them all they were represented to be."—Stevens' *Incidents of Travel*.

The wickedness of this people, generally, makes Shakspeare's *Shylock* and Dickens' *Fagin* perfectly natural characters.

I once heard it stated in the pulpit, by one who believed in their future conversion, that the modern Jews are nearly all infidels, and that before they are converted to Christianity they must first be converted to Judaism. So much for "the materials being most carefully preserved."

Let us now look at Letter III.

This letter is easily dismissed, notwithstanding the triumphant tone assumed by the worthy hero, in his official account of his imaginary victory—an account that puts one in mind of Dryden's *Warrior*, when

"Thrice he routed all his foes,  
And thrice he slew the slain."

I fear this innocent pleasantry will appear out of place when we come to examine the first proposition of his first syllogism. It reads thus: "Any event which is the subject of Divine prophecy, should certainly be regarded as a divinely providential event." From the tone and spirit in which your esteemed correspondent writes, I have conceived too high an opinion of him not to think, that, upon reconsidering this part of his argument, he will confess that it was hastily written. It is fraught with serious consequences—and I hesitate not to pronounce it "bad theology." It savours strongly of that school which makes human conduct, whether good or bad, the consequence of the Divine presence. It is for me only

to deny the premises, and for your correspondent to prove them; until he does so, his inference falls to the ground. I may, however state, that the view given us of Divine Providence is to me quite new. I had always supposed that a good and gracious Providence was never, in any case, employed in causing men to sin—as it must have been, if "A Believer" be right. For instance: it is predicted that Israel will leave the God of his fathers, and go a whoring after other gods; therefore, according to your correspondent, his apostasy is a "divinely providential event." I need say no more, and shall dismiss this part of the subject by referring "A Believer" to your leading article in the last number of the *Mirror*,—where you have, I think, in a few words, given us a scriptural view of Divine Providence.

We have next a long quotation from Doctor Newton, comprising one and a half columns—in the whole of which I find but one single verse from the inspired Word: it is very conspicuous, being printed in italics, and reads thus,—"Fear thee not, O Jacob my servant, saith the Lord, for I am with thee; for I will make a full end of all the nations whither I have driven thee, but I will not make a full end of thee." Jer. xlii. 28. This prediction was uttered nineteen years prior to the Babylonish captivity, and there is scarcely a doubt that it has reference to that event; thus understood, it has been literally fulfilled;—indeed it cannot be understood otherwise, for your correspondent informs us, that an age will come in which all nations shall serve the Lord Jesus Christ—which they cannot do if there is to be a full end made of them. This shows that a learned Doctor, even a Lord Bishop, may not be infallible.

Your respected correspondent, when he brings his "Jewish notions" to the test of Scripture, will, I am sure, begin to doubt whether the national conversion of this wicked people be really a subject of prophecy. Indeed it seems to me, that already his eyes begin to be opened, if I may judge from the conclusion of Letter 3: "The providential preservation of the Jewish nation," he says, "is to continue till the end of time." For proof, he refers to Jer. xxxi. 35-37, but omits the words. Now this passage proves precisely the reverse of that which is asserted by your correspondent; let me give the passage: "If these ordinances depart from before me, saith the Lord, then the seed of Israel also shall cease from being a nation before me for ever. Thus saith the Lord, if heaven above can be measured, and the foundation of the earth searched out beneath, I will also cast off all the seed of Israel for all that they have done, saith the Lord." In the 36th verse it is predicted that Israel shall cease from being a nation FOR EVER; in the 37th verse, it is declared that "God will not cast off ALL the seed of Israel." Thus, while they cease to be "a nation," as they have done in the strict sense of that term,\* yet, God will not cast off all the seed of Israel, or, as St. Paul expresses it, "a remnant shall be saved." These verses are really remarkable, and I think it will be difficult for "A Believer" to force on them a different meaning. Hear also what the Lord said by Balaam, "For from the top of the rocks I see him, and from the hill I behold him: to the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations." Therefore, though all nations may be converted, (which, by the way, I very much question) yet the Jews will not be included. I said I question whether all the nations will be converted, especially in the popular sense, that is, every individual: "For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish, yea that nation shall be utterly wasted." If any nation perishes and is utterly wasted, I think the conversion of such a nation is, to say the least of it, doubtful.

Admit, or the sake of argument, that the Jews will be a separate people to the end of time, and what does it prove? Why, that they will never be christianized to the end of time: for I maintain, fearless of successful contradiction, that as soon as the Jews are

\* They have been no nation since, (the Babylonish captivity); they are no nation now; and it is only in the latter days that they can expect to be a nation, and that must be a Christian nation.—DR. CLARKE.

converted, then, and not till then, they cease to be a separate people: for "in Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek." Could it be proved to my satisfaction that there is a period approaching, between now and the end of time, in which the people in question shall lose their identity and their distinctiveness—a time coming when a Jew shall be sought for and cannot be found—then I should at once admit, that there is strong, very strong presumptive evidence, that the time is approaching when the Jews, as a nation, will be converted to the faith of the Gospel. That proof, however, has not yet been furnished.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.,

August 18, 1843.

J. H.

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE

## THE INFANT IN HEAVEN.

BY DR. CHALMERS.

THIS affords, we think, something more than a dubious glimpse into the question that is often put by a distracted mother when her babe is taken away from her—when all the converse it ever had with the world, amounted to the gaze upon it of a few months, or a few opening smiles which marked the dawn of felt enjoyment; and ere it reached perhaps the lisp of infancy, it, all unconscious of death, had to wrestle through a period of sickness with its power, and at length to be overcome by it. Oh! it little knew what an interest it had created in that home where it was so passing a visitant—nor when carried to its early grave, what a tide of emotion it would raise among the few acquaintances it left behind it! On it, too, baptism was impressed as a seal, and as a sign it was never falsified. There was no positive unbelief in its bosom—no resistance yet put forth to the truth—no love at all for the darkness rather than the light—nor had it yet fallen into that great condemnation which will attach itself to all that parish because of unbelief, that their deeds are evil. It is interesting to know that God instituted circumcision for the infant children of Jews, and at least suffered baptism for the infant children of those who profess Christianity. Should the child die in infancy, the use of baptism as a sign has never been thwarted by it; and may we not be permitted to indulge a hope so pleasing, as that the use of baptism as a seal remains in all its entirety—that He who sanctified the affixing of it to a babe, will fulfil upon it the whole expression of this ordinance? And when we couple with this the known disposition of our great Forerunner—the love that he manifested to children on earth—how he suffered them to approach his person—and lavishing endearment and kindness upon them in the streets of Jerusalem, told his disciples that the presence and company of such as these in heaven formed one ingredient of the joy that was set before him—tell us if Christianity does not throw a pleasing radiance around an infant's tomb? And should any parent who hears us, feel softened by the touching remembrance of a light that twinkled a few short months under his roof, and at the end of its little period expired, we cannot think that we venture too far, when we say that he has only to persevere in the faith and in the following of the gospel, and that very light will again shine upon him in heaven. The blossom which withered here upon its stalk, has been transplanted there to a place of endurance; and there it will then gladden that eye which now weeps out the agony of an affection that has been sorely wounded; and in the name of Him who if on earth would have wept along with them, do we bid all believers to sorrow not, even as others which have no hope, but to take comfort in the thought of that country where there is no sorrow and no separation.

Oh, when a mother meets on high,  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then, for pains and fears—  
The day of wo, the watchful night—  
For all her sorrow, all her tears—  
An over-payment of delight?

## DULL CHILDREN.

WE are not to suppose that those who are at first exceedingly dull, will never make a great proficiency in learning. The examples are numerous of persons who were unpromising in childhood, but who were distinguished in manhood for their

great acquirements. Dr. Adam Clarke was taught the alphabet with great difficulty. He was often chastised for his dulness, and it was seriously feared by his parents that he never would learn. He was eight years old before he could spell words of three letters. He was distinguished for nothing but rolling a large stone. At the age of eight he was placed under a new teacher, who by the kindness of his manner, and by suitable encouragement, aroused the slumbering energies of his mind, and elicited a desire for improvement.

Isaac Barrow, D.D., for two or three years after he commenced going to school, was distinguished only for quarrelling and rude sports. His father considered his prospects so dark, that he often said that if either child died, he hoped it would be Isaac. But this lad afterward became the pride of his father, and the honor of his country. He was appointed Master of Trinity College, the king saying, "he had given the office to the best scholar in England."

The Rev. Thomas Haliburton, formerly Professor of Divinity at St. Andrew's Hall, had until twelve years of age a great aversion to learning.

### ARE YOU MAD AGAINST GOD.

#### AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

A LADY, who was one of the City Tract Society visitors, (New York,) was cautioned against venturing into a certain apartment, because the woman that occupied it was notoriously abusive, and on some occasions had violently thrust persons from her door. Notwithstanding this, the visitor entered the room and introduced herself in a kind and gentle manner that disarmed hostility. Finding that the poor woman could not read, she sat down and read a tract to her. This act of Christian courtesy was gratefully received; the tract was interesting, and from that time the lady was always a welcome visitor. The interviews thus afforded the visitor frequent opportunities for speaking of the great salvation, and the woman felt the subject to be increasingly interesting; yet a considerable time elapsed before she could be persuaded to become a regular attendant at the house of God; and when her unwillingness was overcome, she was much opposed by her irreligious husband. But truth had then impressed her mind; her convictions of sin increased in depth and power; her anxiety for salvation became so intense that she could no longer absent herself from the sanctuary, and the persecution she endured drove her more frequently to the throne of grace and closer to the cross of Christ. There she found peace in believing, and the change that grace had effected in her conversation and deportment became evident to all around. Her husband saw it, but he became more enraged; and when on one occasion he found her praying, with her children kneeling around her, he struck her a violent blow on her face; yet still she continued praying, and prayed more earnestly, until, while she was yet speaking, the Lord answered. The husband was overcome, his rebellion subsided, and falling on his knees, he exclaimed, "Do pray for me! do pray for me!" He saw his iniquity, and in an agony of mind trembled exceedingly, while he himself cried to the Lord for mercy. Oh what a season of prayer was that! To him it was the beginning of good days, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and had compassion, and in due time comforted the mourner.

A change so great in both father and mother could not pass unnoticed by their children, and an incident occurred a few days ago which shows that they have been keen observers. The mother being particularly busy, delayed praying with her children something beyond the usual time. "Mother, do you not want to go to heaven?" inquired the youngest. "Yes," was the reply; but the child was not satisfied, and asked another question, suggested probably by the recollection of what the parents had till lately been; "Mother, are you mad against God? You have not spoken to him to-day." "I cannot read," said the mother, as she related this occurrence to the visitor, "and I often forget much that the minister says, but this I can never forget, for it is impressed upon my heart."

Reader, have you spoken to the Lord to-day; and did your little children hear you? Are you mad against him, or reconciled to him?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### VIRTUE AND GENIUS.

*Extract from the Noctes Ambrosianae of Blackwood.*

"North.—Well, then, mark my drift, James. We idolize Genius to the neglect of the worship of Virtue. To our thoughts, Genius is all in all. Virtue is absolutely nothing. Human nature seems to be glorified in Shakspeare, because his intellect was various and vast, and because it comprehended a knowledge of all the workings, perhaps, of human being. But if there be truth in that faith to which the Christian world is bound, how dare we, on that ground, to look on Shakspeare as almost greater and better than man? Why, to criticise one of his works poorly, or badly, or insolently, is it held to be blasphemy? Why? Is Genius so sacred, so holy a thing, *per se*, and apart from Virtue? Folly all! One truly good action performed is worth all that ever Shakspeare wrote. Who is the swan of Avon in comparison to the humblest being that ever purified his spirit in the waters of eternal life?"

"Shepherd.—Speak awa! I'll no interrupt you—but whether I agree wi' you or no's anither question."

"North.—Only listen, James, to our eulogies on Genius. How Virtue must veil her radiant forehead before that idol! How the whole world speaks out ceaseless sympathy with the woes of Genius! How silent as frost when Virtue pines! Let a young poet poison himself in wrathful despair—and all the muses weep over his unhallowed bier. Let a young Christian die under the visitation of God, who weeps? No eye but his mother's. We know that such deaths are every day—every hour—but the thought affects us not—we have no thought—and heap after heap is added, unbewailed, to city or country churchyard. But let a poet, forsooth, die in youth—pay the debt of nature early—and nature herself, throughout her elements, must in turn pay tribute to his shade."

"Shepherd.—Dinna mak me unhappy, sir,—dinna mak me sae very unhappy, sir, I beseech you—try and explain awa what you hae said, to the satisfaction o' our hearts and understandings."

"North.—Impossible. We are base idolators. 'Tis infatuation—not religion. Is it Genius, or is it Virtue, that shall send a soul to heaven?"

"Shepherd.—Virtue; there's nae denying that; Virtue, sir, Virtue."

"North.—Let us then feel, think, speak and act as if we so believed. Is poetry necessary to our salvation? Is Paradise Lost better than the New Testament?"

"Shepherd.—Oh! dinna mak me unhappy. Say again that poetry is religion."

"North.—Religion has in it the finest, truest spirit of poetry, and the finest and truest spirit of poetry has in it the spirit of religion. But—"

"Shepherd.—Sae nae mair, sae nae mair. I'm satisfied wi' that."

"North.—Oh! James, it makes my very soul sick within me to hear the pury whinings poured by philosophical sentimentalists over the failings, the errors, the vices of Genius! There has been, I fear, too much of that traitorous dereliction of the only true faith, even in some eloquent eulogies on the dead, which I have been the means of giving to the world."

### CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

AN Englishman taking the grand tour towards the middle of the last century, when travellers were more objects of attention than at present, on arriving at Turin, sauntered out to see the place. He happened to meet a regiment of infantry returning from parade, and taking a position to see it pass, a young captain, evidently desirous to make a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous water-courses with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and, in trying to save himself, lost his hat. The spectators laughed, and looked at the Englishman, expecting him to laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, and promptly advanced to where the hat had rolled, and taking it up, presented it with an air of unaffected kindness to its confused owner. The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to rejoin his company. There was a murmur of applause, and the stranger passed on. Though the scene of a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart—not with

admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling, for a proof of that true charity which "never faileth."

On the regiment being dismissed, the captain, who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms related the circumstance to his colonel. The colonel immediately mentioned it to the general in command; and when the Englishman returned to his hotel, he found an *aid-de-camp* waiting to request his company to dinner at head quarters. In the evening he was taken to court, at that time the most brilliant court in Europe, and was received with particular attention. Of course during his stay in Turin he was invited every where; and on his departure he was loaded with letters of introduction to the different states of Italy. Thus a private gentleman of moderate means, by a graceful impulse of Christian feeling, was enabled to travel through a foreign country, then of the highest interest for its society as well as for the charms it still possesses, with more real distinction and advantage than can ever be derived from the mere circumstances of birth and fortune, even the most splendid.

FIRST VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS.—[From Miss Robert's Overland Journey to Bombay.]—During our progress up the river, I had been schooling myself and endeavouring to keep up my expectations, lest I should be disappointed at the sight of the Pyramids. We were told that we should see them at the distance of five-and-thirty miles, and when informed that they were in view, my heart beat suddenly as I threw open the cabin door, and beheld them gleaming in the sun, pure and bright as the silvery clouds above them. Far from being disappointed, the vastness of their dimensions struck me at once, as they rose in lonely majesty on the bare plain, with nothing to detract from their grandeur, or to afford, by its littleness, a point of comparison. We were never tired gazing upon these noble monuments of an age shrouded in impenetrable mystery.—They were afterwards seen at less advantage, in consequence of the intervention of some rising ground; but from all points they created the strongest degree of interest.

FEAST OF LANGUAGES AT ROME.—The *Constitutionnel* publishes a letter from Rome, which states that, at the feast of languages celebrated at the college of the Propaganda, the festival commenced by a prologue in Latin, delivered by an Illyrian. A young man from New York then recited a poem in Hebrew. Two Chaldeans a dialogue in the idiom of the Rabbis. Abd-Allah-Assemani, a native of Lebanon, declaimed in Syrian verse; and a young man from Bethlehem delivered a discourse in Samaritan. A Persian spoke in Chaldean. Two Turks, one from Aleppo, another from Constantinople, declaimed in Turkish poetry. Two young Indians of Pegu spoke in Burman. Some Armenians read a Latin elegy, a discourse in ancient Greek. A Kurd read verses in that language, remarkable for the hardness of the sound. An American of New Scotland, an idyl in Celtic. Afterwards followed Illyrian, Bulgarian, Polish, German, Dutch, English, and French. A negro from Godscalford spoke in Ammarien. An inhabitant of California sung a song in the barbarian dialect of his nation, accompanying himself with castagnets. Joachim Kusof, from the province of Ho-nan, spoke the language of his country, composed entirely of monosyllables; a second speaking the Chinese of Canton. In fine, two other Chinese of Scian presented themselves in their national costume, and read verses in the idiom of their province, terminating those academic exercises by a most harmonious Chinese song. The greater part of the auditors understood but one word, "alleuia," which occurred frequently.

CHATEAUBRIAND—HOW HE BECAME A CHRISTIAN.—"My mother having been thrown into a dungeon at the age of seventy-two, expired on a truckle-bed, to which she had been reduced by her misfortunes. The thought of my apostasy filled her last moments with anguish, and, dying, she charged my sister with the duty of bringing me back to the religion in which I had been reared. When the letter reached me from beyond the seas, she herself was no longer in existence; she had died from the effects of her imprisonment. These two voices called to me from the tomb;—this death, which served as an interpreter to death, deeply affected me. I became a Christian. I did not yield, I confess, to any great supernatural lights—my conviction sprang from the heart. I wept and believed."

**HINDOO READY WIT.**—A Hindoo having been summoned to give evidence before the court of judicature in Calcutta, deposed that such a circumstance happened in her presence. The Judge asked where it happened—she replied, in the verandah of such a house—Pray, my good woman, said the Judge, how many pillars are there in that verandah? The woman not perceiving the trap that was laid for her, without much consideration said that the verandah was supported by four pillars. The counsel for the opposite party immediately offered to prove that the verandah contained five pillars, and that consequently no credit could be given to her evidence. The woman perceiving her error, addressed the Judge—My lord, said she, your lordship has for many years presided in this court, and every day that you come here ascend a flight of stairs: may I beg to know how many steps these stairs consist of?—The Judge confessed that he did not know. Then, replied she, if your lordship cannot tell the number of steps you ascend daily to the seat of Justice, it cannot be astonishing that I should forget the number of pillars in a balcony which I never entered half a dozen times in my life. The Judge was much pleased with the woman's wit, and decided in favour of her party.

### CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

#### ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

ON Monday evening last, His Excellency Sir Charles Metcalfe entered our city in the most unostentatious manner, by the public stage—thus greatly disappointing a large number of our good citizens, who had made preparations for receiving him in a manner suited to his rank. Though we ourselves shared in the common disappointment, yet we cannot but admire the conduct of His Excellency on this occasion. We copy the following remarks from the *Morning Courier* :—

“His Excellency Sir Charles Metcalfe has been now for some hours in our good city. During that time he has been waited on by most of the public bodies, and has probably obtained some faint idea of the “wants and wishes” of Her Majesty's subjects in this part of the colony. Sir Charles Metcalfe is too old a stager to be alarmed at trifles, and we dare say he has listened very quietly whilst his visitors have unfolded plans extensive enough to employ an ordinary statesman all his life to carry out. He will bear in mind, that during the time of his predecessor every thing was neglected, and ascribe to this circumstance the arrears of business which are now pressed upon his attention.

“All who have seen His Excellency have left him impressed with a most favourable opinion of his talents, and do not hesitate to say that everything may be expected from him that is consistent with truth and justice. In fact, it is evident that if success can be commanded, Sir Charles Metcalfe is the man to command it: but, unfortunately, this is not possible. The best of men can only deserve it, and the experience of the past has taught us that these few do not always obtain it. We have, however, some confidence that Sir Charles Metcalfe will not fail, and we augur much good from the short visit he is now making to the Lower Province. He will hear and see more on the spot than he could ever have learnt at Kingston; and although we would not advise him to receive as gospel a tenth part of what he hears, still he will gather enough from the conflicting statements of parties to help him to form a judgment of his own. For ourselves, we heartily wish him success, and trust that we may always have it in our power to support him.”

*The Governor General's Visit to the Eastern Townships.*—We are happy to find, (says the *Courier*) that the Governor General intends to visit the Eastern Townships. We never called in question the loyalty of the great body of the Townships people—a loyalty of

which, during the late disturbances in the province, they gave so many proofs; but all experience shows that the sincerest attachment of a people to their rulers should not be too severely tested. We, therefore, repeat our gratification at learning that Sir Charles Metcalfe contemplates a tour through the Townships—when he will be able, by personal observation, to learn at once the value and the wants of that important section of the province.

*The Seat of Government.*—It seems now (says the *Transcript*) to be fully understood that the settlement of this long vexed question is to be left to the decision of the Provincial Legislature. This was stated most decidedly by His Excellency the Governor General to the President and members of the Board of Trade, who waited on him with an Address from their body on Tuesday last.

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